

WOMAN'S WORLD.

DR. ELLEN KENYON ON ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

Late Occurrence in Society and the Business World of Interest to Women. Timely Hints as to Spring Novelties—Interesting Personal Gossip.

The Science Seminars society meets every Sunday evening in the lecture room of Robert Collier's church for the announced object of "presenting the most advanced views and encouraging their practical application." The society is called a new departure, and the platform is said to be broad enough for all. The programme in general reads, "Scholarly and interesting lectures by acknowledged leaders, discussion afterward, instrumental and vocal music." On a recent evening a discussion followed a lecture on "The Evolution of True Womanhood," by Dr. Ellen E. Kenyon, associate editor of the *Scientific Journal*. Dr. Kenyon has an attractive face and a modest and pleasing manner. She is a dress reformer, but does not wear the garments of her more radical sisters. She said in part:

Woman is stirring uneasily in the narrow confines of her average thought world, only half awake as yet to the fact that she is a victim of arrested development; that tradition has her in its clammy grasp so tightly that much of her ethical power is benumbed and nine-tenths of her potential usefulness deprived of its right to be developed.

About a quarter of a century ago the voice of woman piped out its first shrill note of determination in this war of elbow room in which to become a freely developed ethical being. Society listened and turned away, pronouncing the note discordant, but the "feminist" voice listened to again and again, and gradually truth got a foothold in public opinion.

Woman is trained from her cradle up by orthodoxy. To have opinions is not dutiful and feminine; therefore she is trained to believe as she is told to believe. To dress freely and conveniently is not stylish; therefore her arms are bound down to her sides by sleeves cut by the straight jacket pattern. To have intellectual tastes and to select occupations is vain, for her destiny is to wheedle men, direct servants and dress babies. She must spend laborious hours at the piano, though she may be stupid in music, because a husband is not easily caught without some form of flash, and a home is nothing without music. Man, on the other hand, is trained more or less as an individual. If he tries to bulldoze his sisters, he shows evidence of future capacity to lead. He will be anything from a band leader to a two term president of the United States.

But woman is finding out that her dignity demands an uprising against the cardinal doctrine of licentious men, and that the wealth of future generations which she holds in sacred keeping demands her participation in the law-making of this alleged government by the people in order that certain distasteful laws making prey of the young and ignorant may be swiftly and indignantly repealed. She is learning to reason about the wonderful gift of intuition that man ascribes to her in poems, but scorns in the prose of real life, and to ask if this intuition is such a fine thing in theory is it not worth something in practice? England is a woman's world, and tending the education of her children.

The Vassar Girl. Of the many important features at the meeting of the Vassar College Alumnae association in New York recently one of the most interesting was the singing of the college glee club. The balcony in one end of the hall in which the meeting was held was filled with a charming collection of the "maiden fair" known the length and breadth of the land by the endogamic appellation of "the Vassar girl." And then she sang! And the very best glee of all was the one that proclaimed one stage of the emancipation of the Vassar girl as the "faculty progressed in wisdom and knowledge." The words explain themselves:

An institution once there was
Of learning and of words
Which had upon its high brick front
A "Vassar Female College."
The maids fair could not enjoy
Their bread and milk and porridge,
For graven on the forks and spoons
Was "Vassar Female College."
Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la,
'Twas "Vassar Female College."
A strong east wind at last came by,
A wind that blew from Norwich.
It tore the "Female" from the sign
That was upon the college,
And as the faculty progressed
In wisdom and in knowledge,
They took the "Female" off the spoons,
As well as off the college.
Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la,
It now is Vassar College.
—New York Times.

Southern Women Physicians. In the United States there are now eight distinctive graduating medical colleges for women alone. Two of them are already well established in the south—Baltimore and Atlanta—with regularly increasing classes. The Woman's Medical college of Cincinnati is also graduating increasing numbers from south of that city. In addition to the above there are 47 colleges for both sexes. In short, in round figures 500 female graduates in medicine are being turned out annually from the colleges. A large number are from the south, and naturally many will cast their lot in southern communities. It is idle to attempt to resist the logic of facts. In a few more years women doctors will cease to be curiosities in the south. In the meantime it will be well for the prudish to begin now to make up his mind what he will do in the event of his being called in consultation by one of these ladies. As for the vast majority of the observant and conservative element of the profession, they will receive the proper qualified woman doctor in each instance as she comes.—Virginia Medical Monthly.

The Gentlemanly Girl. The "gentlemanly girl" is shaking off the French fripperies by which she has been more or less submerged for the last year or so and now proposes to come very much to the fore this spring. The fact is that there is too much real comfort and convenience about the semi-magenline costume to allow of its being wholly discarded, and milady has wisely decided not to abandon it, but simply to relegate it to its proper place, where it becomes the most appropriate and at the same time the most becoming costume a woman can wear. To look really well in a mannish tailor made gown a woman should be consistent. Lace, earrings and elaborately crimped hair are magnificently out of place, and a neat col-

lar, tie, faced boots and dogskin gloves are de rigueur. A bonnet would be an anomaly, a soft felt hat in winter or a sailor hat in summer being the only headgear permissible with such costume. A really well dressed woman is as "gentlemanly" in her tweeds as she is womanly in her silks and velvets, and she owes much of her charm to these sudden transitions.—New York Tribune.

Her Idea of Occupation. Here is a young woman who has the right idea of occupation. She is evidently one of the superfluous women that the statistician is worrying about, such as may not marry and must not become wage earners. This woman plans for neither. She has plenty of time. She writes and shows much skill with the needle. She does not care to work for funds and bazaar, because there seems to be always enough volunteers in that line. "What I should like," she explains, "would be to help some girls who are engaged in self support and have no time to work for themselves, or medical students, governesses or other ladies not at present earning much." Her idea is to either work directly for them, doing mending and making of needed garments, etc., or to do some of the fine work at which she is skillful and sell it for their benefit, which is real benevolence, a fitting niche that needs filling and to which only the "superfluous" woman is eligible.—London Queen.

The Blouse Waist. The blouse waist has been going through a slow evolution all winter. Its blousy character has been steadily on the wane, and more and more has it needed the skill of the tailor to secure the fine fit and finish which it has been wont to demand. The new spring waist, though it is called a "frisk," is by no means a frivolous and carefree affair in a frisky way. It is a carefully made, fitted and loved affair, whose only claims to its title are two jaunty and aggressive little ruffles over the hips, which trip their position stand out in a determined and not to be put down sort of way. With the "frisk," it is a waist of fine shades and fabrics and the tailor made shirt waist in cheviot chambray and linen one skirt may be made to do quite indefinite duty. It will not exactly be "around the world with a toothbrush," but it may be "over the seas with a single black silk petticoat."—New York Letter.

Woman Wage Earners. There are said to be 250,000 girls and women in New York earning their own livelihood. Of this number 10 per cent are married women, and 7 per cent are widows, or wives divorced from their husbands. The wages vary, according to the statistics, from \$1.50 a week, the price paid cash girls, to \$18 a week, which is paid the best stenographers. The higher paid professions do not seem to have been investigated. In Chicago of 5,000 women workers in 1902, filling 474 different occupations, over one-half earned from \$4 to \$7 a week, 680 earned less than \$4 a week and 1,429 earned from \$7 to \$25 a week. Of this number 2 per cent were married and 3 per cent were widows or divorced wives.—New York Journal.

Countess Craven's Costume. Americans will be interested to know that the costume of the young Countess Craven is a masterpiece of attention to humble, too poor to be a queen's daughter. She wore a dress of pure white satin draped with old point d'alence lace, said to be worth more than diamonds, because practically matchless. The train was brocaded with silver in a way which gave an imposing effect. A shower of lilies of the valley was carried with long trails of pure white orchids falling down over the dress and with spikes of similar flowers standing out from the lilies and mingled with white and green foliage.—London Letter in New York Sun.

One on the Mistress. Mrs. Westlake told an amusing story in connection with woman suffrage in New Zealand. It appears that the ladies there are delighted with their new political powers and are anxious to impress on their servants the value of the vote. One energetic mistress discouraged for some time on politics to her maid-servant, and when she paused to take breath the maid quietly asked, "Pray, what do you think, ma'am, of Hare's scheme of representation?" The bewildered mistress had never heard even of "Hare's scheme," so not wishing to confess her ignorance she hastily ordered up the lunch.—London Gentlewoman.

The New Glove. The new glove has a touch of scarlet about it. Whether it shades on tan, pearl gray or delicate green it is bound with a narrow line of bright scarlet and is fastened by four big scarlet bone buttons. It is really the most exclusive glove in the market and sold at a price equally as "exclusive." These gloves are for street wear and the theater and are fashioned with glaze silk. Long suede gloves in all the delicate shades, with the backs finely embroidered in white silk or in the same color as the glove itself, are still the vogue for evening wear.—Dry Goods Economist.

The Reason Was Strange. Mine, Hanna Korany, the charming Syrian, in her address before Sorosis recently, gave her experience in writing for the papers of her native land. "The first time I sent them an article," she said, "it was returned immediately." She was a young woman in the audience, who had had journalistic experience in America, the land of promise, was heard to murmur, "Well, that wasn't so very strange after all." Mme. Korany said that the reason given for her misfortune was that "it would be a disgrace to print in the paper anything written by a woman."

A Novel Piano Stool. A piano stool which has lately come under our notice is constructed on a rather ingenious principle. It enables two seats to be constructed from the one stool. The pillar supporting the seat can be divided, the two legs of each part being supported by an iron bracket resting on the floor and giving the required stability. The two seats are obtained by separating and adjusting the circular top of one stool, which fits over the other so that it forms a twin seat. The idea is quite ingenious and is a feature that has much to commend it.—Upbolder.

The common council of Newburg, N. Y., recently struck out the word "male" from the section of the city charter on qualification of electors to vote at taxpayers' special elections. A bill to give unmarried women the parliamentary franchise on the same terms as men was recently defeated in the Nova Scotia assembly by a vote of 17 to 10.

SAWING STONE LOGS.

A REMARKABLE MILL OPERATED BY THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Interesting Discoveries Are Made In This Petrified Lumber Mill—Aids In Making Up Geological History—The Band Saw and How It Is Worked.

There are many novelties in the government departments at Washington, and especially in the scientific bureaus. The most novel that has yet been discovered is a petrified lumber mill operated for the geological survey. It is an institution that has not many visitors, its location down in the basement of the survey building on F street being rather out of the track of the regulation sightseer, but there the survey lapidaries grind thin sections of rock and minerals of all sorts for microscopic examination, and there is a band saw, which the scientists have been saving up a lot of vegetable petrifications from Idaho. They can carve up anything in the shape of petrified logs which they can get in front of their saving machine. Even the ossified man of the dime museum would not be safe from them, and indeed, lately, they were called on to cut up a petrified woman, one that was on exhibition in Washington. After they had bored into one of the damsel's lower limbs a little way they struck a gas pipe. The petrified body was made out of Portland cement, and the scientists gave her up as a hard case, which, in fact, she was.

But the most interesting case that has come to the petrified lumber mill was known as a cycad, a sort of vegetable parasite which flourished in the prehistoric forests of the country some millions of years ago, before the woolly elephants and saber toothed tigers had made their appearance in the fastnesses of the Rocky mountains, and even further back in local traditions are carried in Alexandria. The cycads were practically a common quantity. The lot sent it was, in fact, the greatest collection that had ever been gathered, some small specimens having been secured by the British museum, but nothing to compare with the giant 900 pound one that is now at the National museum. One of the small ones, weighing 35 or 40 pounds, was sent up to the survey to have some sections made for microscopic examination. It looked very much like a cocoon with the husk on and was cut up almost as easily as though it had never been petrified.

The band saw used in the work is nothing more than an endless steel wire, running over an eighth and sixteenth of an inch thick, running at a very high speed between two good sized flywheels. Water and emery are fed on the wire as it runs, and the saw comes as near being an irresistible force as anything known in the cutting line. Since the invention of the wire saw in the survey, it has been copied by a number of laboratories and lapidary circles, and it is now a standard piece of equipment.

Besides the saw there are a number of grinding machines, smooth iron plates revolving like grindstones flat side up and flooded with water and emery. On these sections of stone for use in microscopic examination can be ground a thousandth of an inch or less in thickness, so as to be perfectly translucent under strong light. The sections are usually not larger than a 10 cent piece, but in examining the cycad a section was wanted big enough to show the plan of cell growth, and a slab was cut almost as large as a man's hand. This, like all of the stone specimens, after having one side ground perfectly flat, was transferred to a glass plate, to which it was fastened with Canada balsam. It is a very beautiful specimen, showing in prismatic colors the lines of cell partitions and annular layers like the rings of a tree trunk.

The lapidary establishment is one of the most essential aids that the geological survey has in working up the geology of the country. Many of the rocks that are found within the field cannot be distinguished from each other, except by laboratory examination, and as the nature of the rocks filling the different sections of the effect. A shower of lilies of the valley was carried with long trails of pure white orchids falling down over the dress and with spikes of similar flowers standing out from the lilies and mingled with white and green foliage.—London Letter in New York Sun.

Three methods are used in the identification of the close grained metamorphic rocks that cannot be recognized on casual examination, when, in the thin section, the crystalline structure can be seen and the chemical constituents recognized by the aid of polarized light. Some of the thin sections mounted on glass slides are very beautiful in coloring and crystalline arrangement, and others are simply curious. One of the most remarkable is one of the rare minerals, demortite, which has lately been discovered in Arizona, and is what is known as pleochroic. When viewed under the microscope, it seems to be made up of detached crystals of deep blue. When, however, the slide is turned around at a different angle, some of the blue crystals disappear and others spring into view.

One of the minerals, of which there are several deposits in this country, which are shown in the geological survey's collection of slides, is peridotite. This gains interest from the fact that it is the associate of the diamond in all of the great African fields. Its finding by Professor Lewis of Philadelphia in Kentucky some years ago caused great excitement, and there was some warm prospecting for diamonds, but none was ever found. Its connection with the African diamonds came from the fact that when the peridotite had come to the surface in a molten condition it had been forced through the clefts or faults in some very rich carboniferous slate fields. The hot rock had crystallized the carbon of the slate measures into diamonds, which are found scattered along a few yards on each side of the contact. What the diamond prospectors are looking for in this country is a combination of peridotite and carboniferous slates. Whether they will find it or not is a question.

One of the many searches after artificial diamonds lately made an important discovery that is being utilized by the survey and by many manufacturing establishments where abrasives such as emery and diamond dust are in use. The new substance is known as carborundum, and is the result of passing a strong current of electricity through a mixture of powdered carbon and fine sand in a closed retort. The chemist did not get diamonds for his trouble, but he may get wealth, as the new compound promises to prove very valuable and may possibly supplant emery in many commercial uses.—Washington Post.

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Fun In a Snowbank.

Archer Avenue was a perfect harbor of refuge for the flying snow. It covered the car tracks, it blocked the doors and windows, it heaped up in great banks above the gutters, and it welcomed all the boys in the neighborhood. Belden's youngest lad, Arthur, got a crowd together when the men with shovels came along, and he pre-



empted the biggest snowbank. Then he ran a drift into its side and widened it out in a cavern. He and Pat Demorest uncovered an old stove at the junkshop on Archer Avenue, and they carried it into their cave. They found a few joints of stovepipe and ran it up through the roof. They split up a store box for kindling and foraged down the Santa Fe tracks for coal. They beggled Connors, the grocery man, out of apples and potatoes and rounded them while Tim Westervelt told stories about things that happened him when he lived in Cohoes. They had great times there for a week, and then the snow riot came one day, and the hired men of the Chicago City railway loaded the snow into wagons and hauled it away.—Chicago Herald.

The Dwarf Fortune Teller. A young lady's hands are to be put into a child's socks and little shoes. She is to disguise her face as effectually as possible, a piece of black sticking plaster put over one of the front teeth or over both will aid to do this, and a little face powder on the face, with a few lines drawn under the eyes and at the corners of them and the month, will prove very effective.

Then she puts on a child's skirt around her neck long enough to reach to her hands, which are disguised as feet, with a shawl to cover the upper part of her waist and a bonnet, cap or hood for her head, and stands in a window where there are draperies or an arched recess or between portieres, and a smaller girl stands behind her and passes her arms in front to supply those of the young lady.

A table is placed in front of them, upon which the young lady rests her hands dressed in shoes. The little girl behind her supplies, as we have said, arms and hands to the figure, and if well managed when the visitors are summoned "these the dwarf who tells 'times' they will be struck by the illusion of the pygmy apparently standing on the table. The dwarf is expected to be funny enough in her fortune telling to make the guests laugh.—Household.

How My Mamma Was Lost. My mamma and I went to Mr. Wana-maker's store. It's as big as my grandpa's woods, and I was tired. Then mamma put me on a stool and told me to stay there and rest, and she would come back pretty soon. She never got lost before when she left me, but this time she was lost, and I had to find her. There was a big man without any hat on, and I told him my mamma was lost and I was trying to find her.

He took hold of my hand, and he said he would send a man for her. He put me on a high counter, and he said, "This is where they bring everything that is lost, and the man will bring your mamma home."

I liked him, and he gave me some candy and a doll, and I ran up and down on the counter, and I played with the doll. She had a prettier dress than my Edna, but she didn't behave as well.

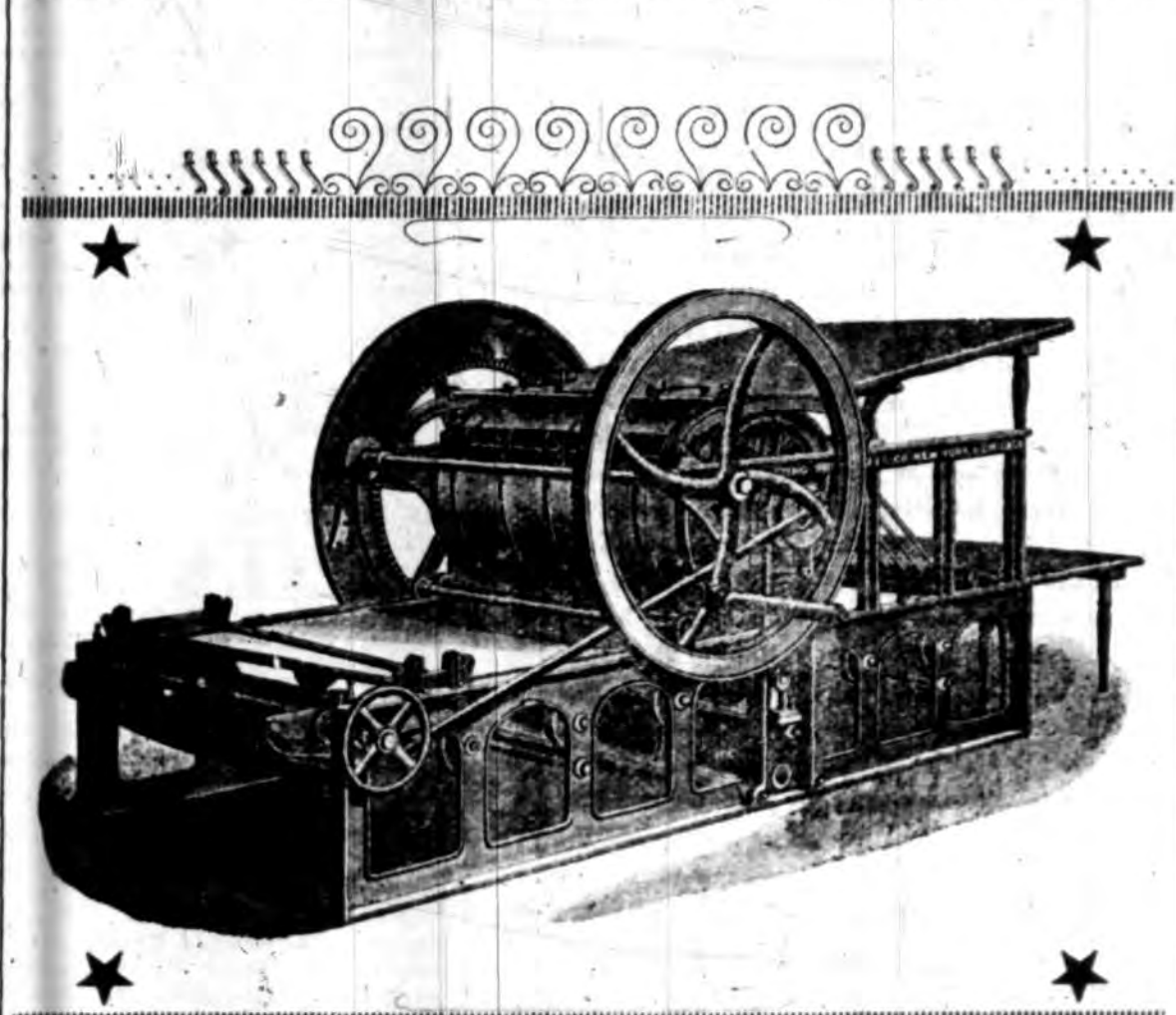
There were some more men there and some ladies, and they told me stories. And then I saw my mamma, and she cried and kissed me, and I said: "Don't cry, mamma! I was finding you. Are you so sorry that you were lost?"—Youth's Companion.



Boys, Girls and Curis. "Oh, ho!" laughed Patsy O'Hagan. "Don't you know that curis are not for boys, Tim Willigan? They are meant for girls."—New York World.

Seaville Competition on Sawmills. Sawmills are very useful. If it was not for sawmills, I wouldn't have no sawdust for to stuff our dolls. If I was a doll, I would rather die than to be stuffed with straw. Straw is very tickle some when you hain't got anything else on your inside. I know a good deal more about sawmills, but my paper is all gone.—Bessie in Chicago Tribune.

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